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COUNTY JUDGE.

G. E. Calvert, New Market.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.

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CLERK OF THE COURTS.

George W. Miley, Woodstock.

SHERIFF.

Wm. H. Rice, New Market.

DEPUTIES.

Joseph Stichey, Strasburg.

Geo. W. Win, Jr., Woodstock.

R. M. Lantz, New Market.

John E. Rice, New Market.

T. J. Spiker, New Market.

COMMISSIONERS OF REVENUE.

George C. Hamman, Woodstock.

Geo. J. Grandstaff, Woodstock.

Christian Miller, Mt. Clifton.

SURVEYOR.

William Tinsinger, Mt. Jackson.

SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR.

J. B. Sheffer, New Market.

DEPUTIES.

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SURVEYOR.

POETICAL.

MINDING EARTHLY THINGS.

We ask for honor; and to us is given
To be the sons of God, the heirs of heaven!
The "King of Kings" prepares above the sky,
At His right hand, a seat of royalty!
But we accept it not; earthly renown
Is all we ask—a seat of glory crown.

We seek for wealth; The "pearl of price unknown"
At one moment God would make our own,
Freely would his beneficence dispense
An "incomparable inheritance."
But we, when perils of the sea are o'er,
We seek enduring treasures—not before!

We pant for fame; In characters of gold,
The "Book of Life" is to our view unfold;
And there Jehovah would record our name,
Among the chosen friends of Christ the Lamb.
But our ambition sways not to the sky—
Enough us earthly immortality!

We ask for bliss; God has for us in store
"Palaces of joy—pleasures forevermore."
But here, too, we refuse the proffered good,
Because he gives us in such joyful mood.
We would for Time's few fleeting days be blest,
Regardless of an eternity of rest.

Oh, how unworthy the immortal mind,
The every wish to fleeting time confined!
If from this transitory scene we rise,
To a bright home of glory in the skies.
We would for Time's few fleeting days be blest,
Regardless of an eternity of rest.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Just back of Bristol avenue, where
The palatial towers towered skyward,
Where the richly-clad walked to and fro,
Making costly purchases amid the fascinations
Of brilliant lights and well lighted
Purses, ran a narrow, wretched street
Called Dirk's Lane, but "Scarcecrow
Row" would be more appropriate, for
The cottages were falling to pieces, the
steps decaying, the rickety, broken
benches beating back and forth in the
gusty wind, the weather-beating fences
dilapidated, clapboards swinging, and
the old broken window-panes stuffed
with rags, old hats, etc. Can this be an
artery of the great city? Yes; the living
tide flows freely here, although pale, sad
countenances are seen; faces furrowed,
scantly-cleaned forms gliding despairingly
through the streets. Children
look pinched and spectral; their thinly-
clothed arms and bare hands purple
with cold as they hurry along, as
fast as their numb feet will allow, to
their wretched homes.

As we enter one of the crazy tenements,
we find that the snow has been
before us, and an involuntary chill
shakes us as we see the line of cold
whiteness which has been sifted through
the cracks of the door. A fire burns
feebly in an old grate—so feebly, that
all but stony hearts must sigh for the
human woe here enshroued—and upon
the neatly-swept hearth three children
sit talking. The lamp-light, flickering
in its wane, reveals by its sickly flame
three other kneeling beside an old broken
cradle, in which a sick child of two years
lay asleep. The little hands held one
of hers in a tight clasp, and unwilling
to disturb the child, she left her hair just
as it had fallen from its fastenings—all
about her shoulders—a halo of beauty.
She was fearful that the night of death
was gathering her only daughter, the little
child of four short summers, and as she
looked at the guileless, baby face,
she thought, poor mother, that it
might be best so. "He who loves little
ones, carries the lamb in his bosom,
and Father," she prayed, "save her
from such a stormy pathway as her
mother's has been!"

Finally, as the child moves in her
sleep, the little hands loosen their hold,
and the mother joins the boy by the
hearth. "Mother, dear mother, is there
any bread?" asked Harry, the youngest;
"or anything, mother, I don't care what!"
added Fred, while Frank, the eldest,
said nothing, only taking his mother's
hand and rubbing his thin little face
against it.

The mother went to the pantry and
brought out three slices of stale bread
and a pint basin of cold broth. "This
will have to do for to-night," she said;
(not adding that there was not another
morsel in the house) and bending down,
she held the basin over the flame until
it was hot, and then poured it over the
bread.

"Oh, mother, it is so good," said Harry;
"tastes like my mother's," added Fred,
with a faint attempt at a joke.

The weary mother talked with the
boys for a weary half hour, endeavoring
to put brightness in her words that
her poor heart never knew, and then said,
"Boys, it would be warmer for you in
bed, mother will tuck you up for you,
it is a bitter night, and she shivered as
she spoke. Their bed was only on old
mattress, spread in one corner; but as
their mother tucked the woolen spread
around them, and they were still clothed
with coats and pants, they began to feel
quite comfortable.

They talked in low whispers, but the
mother heard all. Frank spoke first.
"Oh, boys, I saw such a jolly shawl
sold to-day at O'Connor's auction! It
was so red and so warm, oh my, and
it only cost one dollar; if I only could
have bought it for mother."

"Where is your money you carried
holding horses, I'd like to know?" queried
Fred.

"Gone to pay for medicine and broth
for Baby May," answered Frank, and
then added in a lower voice, "Fred, I'm
afraid Baby May is going to Heaven."

"Do not to Heaven," echoed Harry;
"I wish I could do, too, dear's everyman"
boastful desire; "Christmas presents and all."
"Let us pray to God to take us too—
let us tell him—we're so cold and hungry,"
added Fred.